

WESTERN HERO

A Fawcett Publication

FEB. NO. 99



TEX RITTER



TOM MIX



MONTY HALE

10¢



IN THIS ISSUE:
**THE HIDDEN
EVIDENCE!**



Brownie Hawkeye Flash Outfit

This kit includes the new Brownie Hawkeye Camera, flash outfit, with shutter that sets off the flash. All present at the factory—just aim and shoot. Gets wonderful snapshots. \$12.75.

What a gift!

... a complete kit for flash pictures

You'll take action shots at night just like the press photographers. You'll get snaps indoors any time. It's no trick at all with one of these new Kodak flash outfits. In the kit you get an up-to-the-minute Kodak camera, a supply of film, Flashholder, flash bulbs, batteries and two booklets that tell you everything you need to know to start making swell pictures right away. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.

Kodak Duaflex II Flash Outfit

In this kit you get the new twin-lens, reflex-type camera with big brilliant view finder. All set, ready to snap pictures indoors or out, day or night. \$19.95.

All prices are subject to change without notice and include Federal Tax.



Other Kodak Cameras just
"taps" for Christmas



Brownie Target Six-20 Camera—Vertical and horizontal viewfinders. Fixed-focus lens, two stops to control light. Negatives. 2 1/4 x 3 1/2. \$5.75.



Brownie Flash Six-20 Camera "Makes snaps around the clock." Full-color pictures, too, in full sun. Negatives. 2 1/4 x 3 1/2. \$13.75; Flashholder, \$2.00.



Baby Brownie Special Camera Makes good snaps anyplace, any time. Full-color, sun, or bright daylight. Fixed-focus lens. Negatives. 1 1/4 x 2 1/4. \$3.75.

Kodak
MAKES IT EASY

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified as that driven by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • EASH LARUE WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS
WILD COMICS • WESTERN HERO • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • MYRA THE JUNGLE GIRL • GABBY HAYES WESTERN
CAPT. MARVEL JR. • MASTER COMICS • TOM MIX WESTERN • MONTE HALL WESTERN • WOLFING COUNTRY
BOB CARLSON WESTERN • BILL BOYD WESTERN • BIG-GUN HEROES • SMILEY GUNSMITH WESTERN

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines provide the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. A. Fawcett, Jr., President



Tex Ritter

in PAID IN FULL



When Tex Ritter investigates the disappearance of an insurance company agent, he finds a couple of slick confidence men. But, with flashing fists, Tex teaches them that justice always makes the last payment and the first recovery is always—PAID IN FULL!

ONE DAY, IN THE OFFICE OF THE CHIEF RANGER...

ONE OF HIS BEST AGENTS, CHIEF MATTHEWS, IS MISSING! THE SEARCHING YOU TO THE NORTH WEST TO INVESTIGATE HIS DISAPPEARANCE!

TEX, THIS IS MR. CRAIG. HE REPRESENTS THE CASUALTY INSURANCE COMPANY!



WAS HE WORKING ON A CASE WHEN HE DISAPPEARED?



YES! MATTHEWS HAD GONE TO KIDNAP TO PAY A HUGE INSURANCE ON A HOTEL THAT HAD BURNED! THE HOTEL HAD TAKEN OUT A MUCH LARGER POLICY JUST BEFORE THE FIRE, SO HE SENT MATTHEWS TO CHECK SOME FACTS BEFORE PAYING!

HE'D COVERED THE HIM, HEATER INSURANCE BECAUSE THE HOTEL APPEARED TO HAVE SUDDENLY INCREASED ITS BUSINESS! AGENT MATTHEWS SENT IN A NOTE, AFTER HE REACHED KIDNAPED, BUT NO ONE CHECKED ANYTHING! SEEMED IN ORDER!













ROD AND REED HARRIS ARE UP TO SOMETHING, THAT'S PLAIN! THEY'VE OPENED THIS NEW PLACE AND GONE TO GREAT LENGTHS TO MAKE IT SEEM TERRIFICALLY BUSY!

I'LL SOON FIND OUT IF THIS HAS ANY CONNECTION WITH WHAT HAPPENED TO INSURANCE AGENT HARRIS! I'M MAKING ANOTHER VISIT TO ROD AND REED HARRIS, BUT BEARING MY OWN DADS, THIS TIME! I'LL GET THEM OUT OF MY SADDLE BAG!

SOON AFTER, TEX RE-ENTERS THE REDWOOD CASINO ---

THERE'S ROD AND REED AND THEY'RE SHOWING SOMEONE INTO THAT BACK ROOM! I'LL SLIP AROUND TO THE ALLEY WINDOW AND SEE WHAT I CAN HEAR!

SECONDS LATER ---

IT'LL BE A PLEASURE TO DO BUSINESS WITH A COMPANY AS OUTSTANDING AS THE GREATER INSURANCE COMPANY, MR. ANDREWS!

YOU'VE SEEN WITH YOUR OWN EYES NOW, MR. ANDREWS, THE TERRIFIC BUSINESS WE'RE DOING HERE! NOW YOU UNDERSTAND WHY WE'RE TAKING OUT SUCH A HEAVY INSURANCE POLICY WITH YOUR FIRM!

AND I'M PREPARED TO WRITE OUT THE POLICY FOR THE AMOUNT YOU DESIRE, GENTLEMAN!

THE PIECES ARE BEGINNING TO FIT NOW! AND THERE'S THE CLINCHER FOR ME... THAT DERRINGER IN ROD HARRIS' BELT!

I'VE HEARD ENOUGH, GENTS!

IT--IT'S THAT DIRT! HE'S BACK AGAIN!

WESTERN HERO



FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF TEX RITTER IN HIS OWN MAGAZINE, TEX RITTER WESTERN, AND IN WESTERN HERO!



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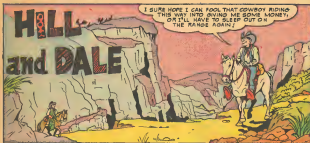
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TOO!







COMING COMIC ATTRACTIONS



CROWNING A NEW KING-
OF THE GOLDEN WEST--

BOB COLT



10¢ WATCH YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND !!! 10¢

HORNS OF THE BULL



IT WAS already late at night, when Slim Carson kneed his bay mustang down the winding main street of the little border town of Crossbow, Texas. As he rode, the young lawman's eyes flickered cautiously from side to side, exploring the dark alleyways and shadowy saloon entrances that lined the board sidewalk of the Texas town. If a ruckus was aimed to pop, Slim knew it was likely to happen fast!

For the slender border patrolman, had come to Crossbow to trace a packet of stolen jewels—lost from a big Chicago robbery! The insurance agents responsible for covering the loss had traced the missing gems down to the border, and they had enlisted Slim Carson's help in their efforts to regain the loot!

Now, as he dismounted before a rickety, one-storied hotel, Slim felt uneasy. Flinging the worn reins over a hitching post, the young border patrolman mused. "I'm commencing to wonder where I go from here! Those Eastern gents claimed that they got word to investigate a cattle ranch near Crossbow called the J-C! But why—and how . . ."

Suddenly, as Slim turned away from the bay, he heard the staccato report of a six-gun—and a muffled gasp of pain! It came from an alleyway only thirty yards away!

"Shooting!" Slim Carson gritted. "Suppose I get in on it!"

Colt cleared, he flung himself toward the narrow, dark alleyway. But, by the time he reached it, it was empty, save for a single figure, huddled against the stucco wall of the building. Slim quickly crouched by the man who had been shot, but his experienced fingers on the man's wrist told him that he was too late. Slowly, Slim stood up. He had to find the sheriff . . .

"Shot him from in front, eh?" Sheriff Ray Benson mused. "That looks as if Creel knew the man who did it! Slim, you didn't get a glimpse of the killer, did you?"

Slim Carson shook his head, discouraged. "Not a whiff! You say that the dead man's name was Judson Creel?"

"That's right," the sheriff returned. "He moved into Crossbow a couple of years ago. Started a cattle ranch—the J-C spread. Mostly

he doesn't raise beef cattle, but fighting bulls for the bull fights across the river in Mexico! He—say! What's troubling you, Slim?"

The sheriff's keen eyes had detected Slim Carson's sudden agitation. Swiftly the slender young patrolman explained.

"Ray," he said, "I came down to Crossbow on the trail of a packet of stolen jewels. The only clue I had was that they were believed to have been traced as far as a ranch—the J-C spread. And now you tell me that this gent," and his sinewy finger indicated the motionless form of the slain man, "is Judson Creel, boss of the J-C!"

"I see what you mean," Sheriff Ray Benson frowned. "Makes your job tough! I'm plumb sorry," he went on. "I searched his clothes and I didn't find a doggone thing to give us a clue. Not a thing—unless you can make something of this . . ."

He held out his hand, and, in the center of the wrinkled palm was a stiff pink pasteboard.

"A ticket for the bullfight tomorrow over in San Pablo! reckon he was aiming to attend!"

Slim Carson took the ticket and thrust it slowly into his shirt pocket. "Aiming to go to the bullfight, eh? Ray, it seems to me that the shooting took place so fast that the guess that pulled it couldn't rightly be sure whether he plugged Creel or not—especially in the dark! In which case," he went on, "I think I may just dress up in Creel's clothes, take his ticket, and sit in his seat tomorrow. It might be interesting."

The sheriff put his grizzled hand on Slim's lean shoulder.

"Interesting?" he rejoined. "It might be plumb fatal."

But Slim wasn't worried about that. He was used to taking care of the state of his health—with the help of the two worn Colts his father had given him on his death-bed! The guns were meant to fight outlaws—and Slim had used them for just that, along the entire length of the winding Rio border land!

Now, sitting in a box in the bullfight arena, the dark-haired, young American watched the spectacle with great interest! On crossing the border, he had gotten in touch with his friend,

Captain Eladio Gomez, of the Mexican secret police. Gomez had promised to keep several of his men stationed in the bullfight arena, in case of trouble—and now all Slim could do was wait.

As he sat, in the shaded section of the stands, he enjoyed the exciting show going on before him!

The cheering of the crowd, the fluttering pennants, the fiery music of the gaudily dressed band, the dramatic struggle between the agile, graceful matadors and the giant, powerful bulls, held him enthralled. More than once, as the first bull battled a clever swordsman, Slim rose to his feet cheering with the rest of the crowd.

But the bull was slain and dragged off, and now Slim settled back in his seat.

A new bull charged out into the arena!

This time, seeing the matador, the long-horned beast made a furious, sudden attack that almost worked! The bullfighter jumped desperately from his path and sprang, in the nick of time, to safety. As the crowd rose, shouting in wild applause, Slim suddenly saw a man below him—behind the arena fence!

Even as he watched, the man drew his arm back and flung a gleaming knife at him! The keen blade hissed through the air! Convulsively, instinctively, Slim ducked—and the heavy blade missed him by a fraction of an inch! In the next moment, he lunged forward and flung himself over the fence in pursuit, toward a narrow, dark doorway, where the man—a bullfight attendant, had disappeared! The rest of the crowd, still cheering wildly, had their eyes riveted on the raging bull, and did not notice the incident!

Shouldering his way into the narrow entrance, Slim found himself in a dark, hay-smelling passageway. Dashing down it, he turned a corner into a big barn-like room, filled with stalls.

As he entered, Slim saw two men facing him at the end of the room! One was the man who had just thrown a knife at him—and the other was another attendant, in bullfight attire, with a leveled gun. The border patrolman's hand stretched toward his gun! It came out spouting flame and lead! There was a brief, furious exchange of shots—and then Slim's assailant fell to the ground, his leg broken. But the other man, the one with the knife, now sprang at him, muttering choking phrases of fury!

"Foolish meddling!" he grunted. "I'll kill you!"

The tarnished knife gleamed in a descending arc. But Slim ducked away from the blow and swung a heavy right hook that landed against the knife-wielder's jaw. He went down like a sack of wheat.

Breathing heavily, Slim slapped his hands

against each other, his eyes roving about the room. Evidently it was a barn where the bulls were kept before the combat—and that they were returned to when it was over. For there, in a corner, was a slain bull—the one that had been killed in the first fight of the afternoon. And one of its horns seemed to be bent at an odd angle—as if it were broken . . .

Slim Carson started to go over to it, when he heard the door behind him open.

He whirled, to see his friend, Captain Eladio Gomez, with two more Mexican policemen. Gomez grinned with evident relief. "You are alive, mi amigo!" he said. "Buena! We saw that attendant throw a knife at you—and we saw you follow him. We pursued, but you made fast work of him and his friend!"

Slim smiled. "Reckon so." He turned again to the bull, and clutched the long, bent horn.

"Hold on, Slim!" the Mexican police captain broke in. "What goes on here? Why did those men try to kill you—and what are you doing with that horn?"

Slim Carson straightened up. In his hand he held the horn. It had been hollowed out and, broken loose from the slain bull, they could see that it held a handful of gleaming gems! The border patrolman grinned, pleased.

"JUST about what I figured," he said. "Eladio, these gems were in tobacco with a cattle-breeder across the river, Judson Creel by name, to smuggle over illegal objects in the hollowed horns of his bulls. Working here in the arena, they were in a perfect spot to receive the goods! But this time, when the loot was a packet of jewels—worth a fortune—they decided to do away with Creel . . . so they wouldn't have to split the take with anybody!"

"But why did they go after you?" Gomez asked.

"Because they had attacked Creel at night in Crossbow," Slim explained. "They weren't sure of having finished him off, and when I showed up in his box, with his clothes, they decided they must have missed, and they'd have to finish the job! Which they tried to do . . ."

Eladio Gomez shook his head slowly and sadly.

"If they ask me," he said, "I tell them they pick on the wrong hombre! Better to wrestle a bull bare-handed! Go home, Slim . . . and take those jewels with you. The Mexican law will take care of these maleditos — as they deserve!"

THE END

Thrill to the dangerous exploits of SLIM CARSON in every issue of WESTERN HERO!



MONTE HALE

Meets
KID
BUZZARD

TWO-GUN MONTE HALE HAS BATTLED MANY CRIMINAL ANTAGONISTS --- BUT NONE STRONGER THAN THE MYSTERIOUS KID BUZZARD!

A SLOWLY TERRIBLE END OF PREY IS HIS SERVANT --- TO KIDNAP AND DESTROY AT HIS WHIM!

MONTE HALE FACES SMILE AND TERRIFYING DANGER WHEN HE MEETS KID BUZZARD!

CRACKS CRACKLE & WHIRLS AS AN OUTLAW BAND SNOOPS DOWN UPON A PASSING STAGECOACH!



REIN UP!

BANG!
BANG!

IT'S REX DUNNING AND HIS GANG!

DON'T SHOOT! I DON'T AIM TO TANGLE WITH YOU, MR. DUNNING!

YOU'LL LIVE LONGER THAT WAY! HAND OVER THE GOLD!





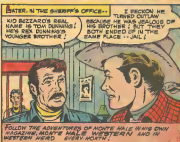




WESTERN HERO







FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF MONTY HALE IN HIS OWN MAGAZINE, MONTY HALE'S WESTERN AND IN WESTERN HERO EVERY MONTH.









WESTERN HERO





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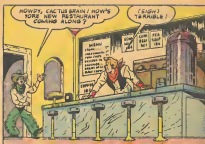




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